

Some grows Rich, and some grows poor,  
 Some gets houses some turnd out of door,  
 Some gets by swearing, cheating, and lying  
 And some gets estates without any buying  
 But he that loves *Conscience & Plain-dealing*  
 too,

To live in these times he'l have much ado.  
 So fare you well, my name begins with C.  
 A friend to *Conscience* and *Plain-dealing*  
 wheresoe'er they be.

---

FINIS.

---

Licenced and Entred ac-  
 cording to Order,

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 cording to Order,

# The Distressed Welshman.

Born in *Trinity-Lane.* 30.

With a Relation of his Travels, being altogether  
unfortunate. By *Hugh Crumpton.*



Printed for W. T. and are to be sold by J. Conyers,  
a little above St. Andrews Church in Holborn.

The Distressed Welshman  
Born in Trinity-Lane.



# The Distressed Welshman,

**I**F any ask her what her am,  
her is a Shentleman,  
If you will not believe her, then  
go into *Trinity-Lane*:  
For there her was born and bred,  
and afterwards begotten,  
And there her hopes to lay her head  
when all her bones are rotten.  
All you good people that intend  
to recreate your mind,  
Read o're this story to the end,

peruse



*The Distressed Welshman.*

peruse these simple Lines.

Upon a time it chanced so  
that *Taffie* did decree

To leave her Country for to go  
to seek her destiny.

Now her prepares for her depart,  
and bids them all farewell,

Her goes away with all her heart,  
this shourney likes her well :

Was travel up to *London* town,  
to see the City brave,

Her in the streets walks up and down,  
what think her was a slave ?

No, her hath money in her poke,  
although her friends are small,

Nay, more than this, her hath a cloak  
to cover her withal.

And as he walkt along the street  
the City for to see,

A sheating quean doth *Taffy* meet,  
and robs him craftily.

Now he perceives when she was gone  
his money all was lost,

And after her in haste did run,  
it is no time to boast.

But all in vain, for she's too swift,  
she leaveth him behind :

Now he to study some new shift,  
applies his angry mind :

Now her laments her evil fate  
and bitter destiny,

*The distressed Welshman.*

For her is left to such a state,  
her knows not where to lye.  
Cots plutter-a-nails he then replies,  
her knows not what to do :  
For her hath seen her better daies,  
and bid them all adieu.  
Her doth lament and weep for grief,  
at her unhappy loss,  
Her seeks about for some relief,  
but all in vain it was :  
At length her came into a shop  
where Meat was to be sold,  
He sits him down, begins to knock,  
the Knave was somewhat bold.  
Her doth begin and thus doth say,  
her was a smentleman,  
Her time was short; nor cannot stay,  
for her must soon be gone,  
Her business at the Court remains  
her thither must retire,  
Or else her loses all her gains,  
O her was not a Lyer.  
And then his Hostess all in haste  
brought to him Dishes store,  
And he by turn on each doth taste,  
there is no need of more.  
In little time he doth suffice  
his hunger that was great,  
And from the table he doth rise,  
leaving but little Meat :  
And then he calls a little Boy,

thus

*The distressed Welshman.*

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thus unto him he said,  
I give thee this, stay here while I  
go see the Reckoning paid.  
The boy more greedy of his gift  
than of his Masters gain,  
To eat all he makes great shift  
while Taffy runs amain.  
This being done, mark one thing more,  
now he hath made escape,  
He calls to mind the day before  
her lost her whole Estate :  
Therefore her walks the streets along  
to see if there were any  
That could redress poor Taffys wrong,  
or help him to his money :  
And as he walkt he met the queen  
that pickt his poke before,  
Was coming to him once again  
to see if there were more.  
When Taffie saw he knew her face,  
and runs to her with speed :  
But was done to his disgrace,  
as you'l hereafter read.  
Cots plutter-a-nails, this is the Thief  
did steal her money from her,  
And rob'd her of all her relief,  
now her doth seize upon her.  
This made the Welshman for to smile,  
though he her self did know,  
Before this bout a little while  
her served her Hostess so. A 3 This

*The distressed Welshman.*

This Cheat for fear of future wrong,  
 did to the people say,  
 He rob'd me as I went along,  
 and so her run away :  
 The people hearing her report,  
*Taffie* away they hawl  
 Into the Sessions-house Court  
 to plead before them all :  
 And as they drag'd him through the street  
 although his case was poor,  
 It chanced so that he did meet  
 the Cook he rob'd before.  
 Now *Taffie* must endure the heat,  
 before the Judge he's brought :  
 The Cook indicts him for his Meat,  
 the woman for his fault :  
 Now *Taffie* knowing what was done,  
 nothing at all did say,  
 But at the last to speak begun,  
 was rob'd the other day.  
 Her sheating trot was pick her poke,  
 and robbed her by craft,  
 Then her was forc'd to pawn her Cloak,  
 none other help was left :  
 And then her self doth wander to  
 a Victualling-house with speed :  
 Was call for meat was tell to you,  
 her hunger for to feed :  
 When her was come into the house,  
 her Hostess brought good store,  
 And her doth taste of every dish,

The distressed Welshman,

while her could eat no more.

Now her was going for to pay  
for what her self did eat,

And as her lookt another way,  
her spies me this same sheat.

Then her pursu'd her while at last  
was catch'd her by the arm.

And she turn'd back, catch'd me as fast,  
I had the greater harm.

The Justice hearing all was done,  
and that they did abuse him,

In order calls them one by one,  
so kindly he did use him.

But *Taffie* tongue could not refrain  
was tell her all her mind,

He often cries, was ugly queen,  
Cots-plut will beat her blind.

'Twill not prevail, 'tis all in vain,  
*Taffie* must surely dye,

It was not time to speak again,  
great was his villany.

Now *Taffie* knows not what to do,  
to dye Sentence is given;

Will her believe? was tell her true,  
was sure to go to Heaven.

These words did please the people well,  
they all were bent to Laughter,

But mark what unto her besel,  
the worst of all comes after:

Just like an Image *Taffie* stands,  
and dares not move at all, A 4. But

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But at the last he wrings his hands;  
and on his knees did fall:  
Was pray her Justice, Jesus sake,  
not judge her to be hanged,  
Some other sorrows let her take,  
her fears not to be hanged:  
The Justice then to him replies,  
thou shalt not hanged be;  
*Cots-plut* and ones, the *Welshman* cry'd,  
great thanks was given to thee.  
I but the Justice speaking on  
did much increase her sorrow,  
Thy hand shall burned be anon,  
yea, almost singed thorow:  
This liked not the *Welshman* well,  
yet her had rather bide  
To see the Suburbs of black *Hell*,  
than in the town to ride.  
Hold up thy hand the hangman said  
where I shall thee appoint:  
This made poor *Tassie* sore afraid  
was wish 'twas out of joint.  
The hangman then to him did say,  
when I the Iron bring,  
Hold thy head another way,  
say thrice *God save the King*.  
The hangman he makes no delay,  
but quickly clapt it too,  
*God save*; *plut* was hot her says,  
was almost burned through.  
The people all did laugh outright while

*The distressed Welshman.*

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while he did weep as fast,  
The hangman put him to a fright,  
says all his grief's not past.  
He tells him he must burn once more  
because he did not sing  
As he had taught him once before,  
three times *God save the King.*  
*Cors-plut and ones*, was make her cry,  
*Cat* bless her burning arm;  
Excuse her to her Majesty  
when her hath all the harm.  
This being done, the Justice frees  
poor *Taffie* by the Law;  
But yet alas was pay her Fees,  
or all's not worth a straw.  
This one thing grieves her most at last  
than *all* was done before:  
Her is not yet gone clearly past,  
for there is one thing more.  
The Keeper asks him for his Fees,  
which vext the Welshman sore,  
Her has no score for ought her knew  
was pay her all before.  
Was ask her now for Keepers Fees,  
her had no think at all,  
Her may not buy no Leeks nor Sheefe,  
her substance is so small:  
Was pray her Keeper open door,  
as her may truly swear,  
As her was never there before,  
will never more come there. The



*The distressed Welshman,*

The Keeper hearing what he said  
was moved unto laughter,  
Poor Taffie he no longer staid,  
take heed (quoth he) hereafter.  
Now he hath 'scap'd the Keepers claws,  
and hath his freedom won;  
His mind is bent to learn the Laws,  
and now her hath begun:  
Forthwith to the court he goes with speed  
a Lawyers Clark to be,  
Yet he could neither write nor read,  
O the more is the pitty.  
Now her was asked what her were,  
her was a Shentleman,  
And her hath suffered many a loss,  
thus her complaint began:  
But her will rather bide the pain  
a Lawyers man to be,  
Before her will return again  
into her own Country.  
Although you know your calling ill  
yet her delights to live  
A Servant to your pleasures will,  
if her will her believe,  
Her never lov'd her bones should work  
at any toilsome trade,  
But her likes best to be a Clark,  
mark well what her hath said:  
His Master ask'd him if he had  
learn'd Latin Books, or Greek,  
What think her was a man was mad,

*The distressed Welshman.*

was think her cannot speak :  
Was learn'd her A B C 3 times o're,  
before her had a Primmer,  
And now her had no need of more,  
her has enough within her.  
Now they did ask if her could read  
a Lawyers written scrole,  
Now *Taffy* has nothing to plead,  
he cannot read at all :  
Kind Reader judge, is this thing true  
which *Taffy* hath decreed,  
He swears he'l write as well as you  
though he could never read.  
It was decreed for *Taffy* then  
to learn his book apace,  
And next day to return again  
into the self-same place ;  
Next day betimes to the place he goes,  
from whence he did proceed,  
What he hath learned no man knows,  
he tells them he can read :  
He meets his Master in the Hall  
was toll her what was do,  
Was write, *God bless us*, on a wall  
and her was read it true.  
The people then did laugh at him,  
was thought her was in Heaven,  
Because to read her did begin  
the sentence that was written.  
God bless me then forthwith he said,  
which when the people heard, Said

*The distressed Welshman.*

Said *Taffie* you have falsly pray'd  
as by your words appear'd:

Her was not wrong, was tell untrue,  
was sure was no mistake,

Pray for her self and not for you,  
lest God should her forsake.

Twas wisely done as I may say  
of such a fool as he,

And he must write *all* the next day  
to gain a Lawyers Fee;

Her takes her seat, was bravely plac'd,  
the Pen and Ink doth take,

A pattern was before his face  
like to like he must make.

And as it happened there did see  
his true copy before him,

An Apes Picture was hanging by  
and *Taffie* did adore him.

Now *Taffie* thought that was the rule  
that he was for to follow,

Behold the wisdom of a fool  
goes far beyond *Apollo*;

He makes a form as I was told  
would make a man to tremble,

And if that I may be so bold  
it did himself resemble.

*Cots-plut* was picture fine and brave,  
was like her passing well,

Her picture to her Master gave,  
see what to him befel:

Sirrah, I told thee thou shouldst make

*The distressed Welshman.*

what was before thee written ;  
Therefore thou must for thy mistake  
with many stripes be beaten :  
*Cots-plutter-a-nails*, will serve her so?  
will stay with her no longer,  
To seek her fortune her will go  
and her away will wander.

Now *Taffie* tells me he hath Land  
was left to her in *Wales*,  
And her'l possess it out of hand  
because her fortune fails :

But then the Master tells him he  
would beg his whole Estate,  
Because of his simplicity  
a wiser man should ha't.

But now her sees there is no cause  
why her should lose her Land,  
For her hath learn'd the English Laws,  
her wears it in her hand.

Now *Taffie* tells them that before  
her dearly bought her Learning,  
Such pain was make her cry and roar,  
while her poor hand was burning :

But all in vain it will not do,  
they threaten his Estate,  
Then he replies the Tevil take you,  
such Rogues shall never ha't.

Her Father wise, got her a fool,  
as you report of me,  
Why may not her with her long tool  
beget as wise as he ?

Her

*The distressed Welshman.*

Her will not lose her own Estate,  
indeed was tell her true,  
Was sure her has a wiser pate  
than give it unto you :  
His words prevail against his foes,  
his Land *shall* not be given  
To any that do him oppose,  
O then her is in Heaven :  
But now her knows not where to go,  
nor whither to betake her :  
Her has no friends as her do know,  
*all* people did forsake her :  
Though her has Land and money store,  
yet her has no possession,  
Therefore in *England* her is poor,  
that is her own confession.  
Now her was go through thick and thin  
to seek her better fate,  
New course of Life her doth begin,  
the old is out of date :  
O her was hungry, cold and dry,  
her knows no friends at *all*,  
A Victualling-house her did espy,  
*I*, but her wealth is small :  
Was enter in as her may say,  
to seek for some relief,  
Her sits her down and there did stay,  
next day her prov'd a Thief.  
Was ask her Hostess then indeed  
if her had any Meat :

*The distressed Welshman.* 671

Her Hostess brought her out with speed  
calfes-head and heels to eat;  
Was leave her heels and eat her head,  
as her hath truly sworn;  
Will eat no more, but go to bed,  
and take her heels i'th' morn.  
The morn was come, the heels was brought  
Taffy did kindly take them,  
He gives his hostess not a Groat,  
and so he doth forsake them.  
Now Taffy left them, and is fled,  
but cannot hold his bragging;  
But mark how after Taffy sped,  
his tongue must still be wagging.  
They apprehend his person then  
and to the Justice bring him,  
And in the street before all men  
into a Prison sling him;  
'twil not repay his villany,  
they put him in the Stocks,  
From thence into the Pillory  
with many lusty knocks:  
Nay more than this, the welshman shall  
(as it shall soon appear)  
Suffer a Loss before them all,  
the Cook must have his ear;  
Be Cot her stay, her shall not cut  
her ear from off her head,  
But if so be her must have it,  
shall be when her is dead.  
But this is vain, it will not serve, the

*The distressed Welshman.*

the hangman takes it off,  
And bravely he his flesh doth carve,  
whilst all the people laugh.  
This vexed *Tassie* to the heart,  
will not appeased be,  
His Ear-root doth so much smart,  
fills her with misery.  
The hangman he then presently  
did shake the new-cut ear,  
And *Tassie* fell into a swoond,  
to see her blood lye there.  
They brought him water strong and small  
to bring his Life again,  
He rises up before them all,  
O *Tassie* was not slain :  
And then he goes out of the crew,  
for so he thought it best,  
Was Pox and Tevil both take you,  
and so away he past ;  
Now *Tassie* in the Field doth pass  
to rid him out of danger,  
But the poor man was here (alas)  
abused by a stranger.  
Then to the common Butts he goes  
to see the Archers aim,  
And one of them shot him in the Nose,  
was almost split in twain :  
And now the Arrow there doth stay  
while *Tassie* out doth take it,  
If her shoot her here again I say,  
Cots platter-a-nails will break it, Her



*The distressed Welshman.*

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He kindly gives the Arrow back  
unto the man that shot it ;  
And thus poor *Tassie* goes to wrack,  
but he hath not forgot it :

The Archers knowing what he was  
could not refrain from laughter,

But *Tassie* I would thee advise,  
take heed of them hereafter :

Well, 'tis no time for him to stay  
for he doth victuals need ;

He seeks for victuals by the way,  
his hunger for to feed.

At length he sees a bed of *Leeks*,  
as he was passing by,

And how to steal them out he seeks,  
to study policy.

Now *Tassie* boldly enters in

the thick and thorny Hedge,

The which did rend and tear his skin,  
was almost break her Legs :

Now *Tassie* is in, the good mans Dog  
comes running for to bite him,

He lies as still as any Hog,  
was ready to besla--- him.

The Dog did bite him by the breeks,  
and rend his Coat in twain ;

Instead of pulling up more *Leeks*  
he lays them down again :

And as it chanced *Tassie* had  
within his poke a Knife ;

And presently he drew the blade,  
and rob'd the Dog of's life.

Then

*The distressed Welshman.*

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Then out the good man comes in haste,  
hearing the Dog to cry,  
And down knockt *Taffie* at the last,  
he on the ground doth lye.  
The good man askt him who he was,  
and how that he came thither ;  
Her saith frighted by a Bear,  
and so was forced thither :  
The old man did search his breeks  
his villany to know,  
There he espyed a bunch of Leeks,  
and would not let him go.  
Now he must to the Justice go,  
and there he must be tryed,  
All which was to increase his woe,  
which he could not abide :  
He must indure the rigid Laws,  
as he had done before,  
Must lose his ears now for this cause,  
to pay the Gardeners score.  
O this was grieve her to the heart,  
and puts her in a fear,  
Now her must feel another smart,  
to lose her other ear.  
The Hangman looks for *Taffies* ear,  
which was cut off before,  
But he could never find it there,  
which vext the Hangman sore.  
I prithee friend the Hangman cries,  
tell me where I may find it,  
For by no means I can devise,  
mine eyes are so much blinded.

*The Distressed Welshman.* 675

Coss-plut was Rogue the Welshman said,  
her think it is no reason,  
Her should find ears upon her head  
for every time and season.  
Did not her give, mark what I say,  
one of her ears before,  
Therefore her Hangman now must stay,  
was like to have no more.  
Now all the people standing there  
did his accuser pray,  
He should not take his other ear,  
but let him pass away :  
Forthwith they free him out of hand,  
and gave him charge that he  
Should soon depart out of the Land  
into her own Countrey.  
But her resolv'd to stay a while,  
to seek her better luck;  
Though Fortune did her oft beguile,  
will have the other pluck :  
Now as for Silver her has none,  
was forc'd to play the Begger,  
Her to the people makes great moan,  
it is no time to swagger.  
Then all the people did consent  
to give him some relief,  
Their pence a piece on him they spent,  
though he was but a Thief.  
Now Tassie thanks the people kind,  
God bless her night and day,  
Her bears this kindness in her mind,  
and so her went away. B 2 O

676 *The distressed Welshman.*

O her was glad with all her heart,  
had money at her will,  
Now her will learn her such an Art,  
that her will keep it still ;  
No sheating whore shall pick her poke,  
her warrant her will save it,  
Was wrap it up within her Cloak,  
none but her self shall have it.  
Well, 'twas her chance the other night  
to fall out with a Carter ;  
The next day he must with him fight,  
now mark what follows after :  
When his blood is hot, he doth consent  
to meet her the next day ;  
**The lussy Carter** now is bent  
at cudgels for to play :  
The day was come, the Carter stands  
just at the place appointed,  
But *Tassie* he was hurt her hands,  
and they must be anointed  
Nay, more than this, his leg is hurt,  
can neither stand nor go :  
Indeed it is a famous Art,  
and you the reason know.  
But afterwards they to him told  
that one from *Wales* was come,  
And in his poke had brought him Gold,  
O then her legs could run :  
Then to receive it he did haste,  
was glad with all her heart,  
And kindly he his friend embrac'd,  
and loath he was to part.

*The distressed Welshman,*

O her laments unto her friend,  
and tells her evil fortune,  
But if you read unto the end,  
you'l of their departing.  
They walk together up and down,  
to tell each others mind,  
His friend gave to him half a Crown,  
there's twelve pence more behind :  
It is agreed betwixt them both,  
that they should spend the shilling,  
Then *Tassie* swears a binding oath,  
that he was not unwilling.  
It is agreed that they should dine,  
both at a house together,  
They quickly call for bread and wine ,  
as soon as they came thither.  
Each others Health doth now go round,  
for they are void of care,  
The Wine did *Tassie* quite confound,  
for he hath drank his share.  
Some words between these friends past,  
about their noble blood,  
Then up starts *Taffy* all in haste,  
his friend had crost his mood.  
*Cats-plut* you Rogue, was hold her tongue  
or her was crack her crown,  
Will make her pay for all her wrong,  
and then he knockt him down.  
This being done, the people came  
the reason for to know,  
They thought the *Welshman* had been slain  
but it was nothing so,

His

His head was broke, as I may say,  
 which to the heart did grieve him,  
 It was not well the other day,  
 if that you will believe him.

Now *Taffy* knows not what to do,  
 but he pays it off with thinking,  
 It grieves him now I tell you true,  
 to lose his friend by drinking.

Well, by the Law it is agreed  
 that *Taffy* must restore  
 Full three and four-pence for the deed,  
 to pay the bloody score.

He pays it then with all his heart,  
 was glad he escaped so,

And he seeks for to depart,  
 but e're he must go,

His Landlord then to him did say,  
 pay what thou owest me,

For there is twenty pence to pay,  
 which I expect of thee.

*Cots-plut*, was tell her what was do,  
 as her may clear the score,

Was break her head her tell to you,  
 and give her five Groats more ;

For her has broke her Brothers head,  
 and unto her hath given

Full three and four pence for the deed,  
 'twixt nine groats and eleven.

Then hereupon away he goes,  
 he leaves the score to pay,

But where he is there is no man knows,  
 for he is fled away.

*The Distressed Welshman.*

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Now *taffy's* silver all is gone,  
theres not a penny left,  
And now he travels all alone,  
to seek another shift :  
Into a tavern then he goes,  
to be a Servant there,  
Because Canary *taffy* knows  
is better than small beer,  
It was agreed for him to go,  
a Drawer for to be,  
No wages unto him they give,  
because he was not free.  
Now he is willing for to serve  
at any poor condition,  
That he might not with hunger starve,  
was glad of that profession.  
Yet he is subject unto jeers,  
and flouts as I suppose,  
Sometimes they tell him of his ears,  
and then his cloven nose.  
But *taffy* now I would advise  
to bear with him all crosses,  
Let him be silent and be wise,  
for fear of greater losses.  
The next day being *Sunday*, he  
must go into the temple,  
To hear *English* Divinity,  
but he is an ill example.  
He takes his place, and it is nigh  
unto the Preachers feet :  
In little time that he did lye,  
he fell fast in a sleep.

The



688  
*The distressed Welshman.*

The Wine did work in *Taffie's* head  
and that was all the reason,  
So *Taffie* lies as one that's dead,  
'twas for a little season.  
Awake, awake the Preacher said  
unto the people all,  
And then poor *Taffie* was afraid  
some body did him call.  
By and by, the Welshman cries,  
did on a sudden start,  
And now he wipes his sleepy eyes,  
let slip a mighty f---  
The people hearing *Taffie's* voice,  
did at it greatly wonder,  
But others they did think the Skye  
was almost split afunder.  
Now *Taffie* to resolve the doubt,  
arise from the ground,  
And when they saw his cloven snout  
they knew it was *Taffie's* sound.  
Therefore it was the peoples mind  
to drive him out of town,  
Each man doth prove to him unkind,  
the first man knocks him down.  
The boys and girls run after him,  
all people doth him chase,  
Through the River he must swim,  
was in a piteous case.  
But *Taffie* wish'd himself in Hell,  
for her was sore offended;  
And now I wish the Reader well:  
for so my story's ended. *Finis*

681 31.  
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